

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?

Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and Palamon,

Theb. Tis right, those, those
They are not dead?

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken
3. Hearses ready. When their last hurts were given, twas possible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.

Theb. Then like men use 'em
The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others: all our Sargions
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes
Rather then niggard wait, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare 'em speedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister
What man to man may doe for our sake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, behestes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will
Or wrastring strength in reason, for our Love
And great Appollos mercy, all our best,
Their best skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where having bound things scatterd, we will post *Florisb.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

*Scena 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

*Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;*

Our

*Our deale more deadly looks than dying
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.*

*Come all sad, and solempne Showes,
That are quick-eyd pleasures foes;
We conuent nought else but moes.* *We conuent, &c.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your households grave
Ioy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe with him.

2. *Qu.* And this to yours.

1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thousand differing waies, to one sure end.

3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full of straying Streetes,
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.

Exeunt severally.

Actus Secundus.

Scena I. Enter Iailor, and Wooer.

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I live, some thing I
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they seldome
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be better lyn'd
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what
it will) I will assure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.

Wooer. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,
And I will estate your Daughter in what I
Have promised,

Iailor.